

THE LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Morality, Miscellany, etc

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THE LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

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HENRY W. HYATT.
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LITCHFIELD, CONN.

TERMS.

Village and Single Mail Subscribers. \$1.50
In bundles of 20 and upwards, \$1.25; or if
paid strictly in advance, \$1.00 per annum.

—ADVERTISING—

Administrators' Notices, \$1.00
Commissioners' Notices, 1.25
Estray Notices, .75
Other advertisements, (3 weeks,) 1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .50

JOB WORK.

Of all kinds neatly and promptly executed

Frederick D. Beeman,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office in Seymour's Building,
Litchfield, Conn.

WILLIAM G. GOB.

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

REMOVAL.

Dr. BOSTWICK has removed his
residence to Crossman's U. S. Hotel.
Litchfield, June 3, 1852.

Charles O. Belden.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LITCHFIELD, CONN.
Office Seymour's Building, South street
Sept. 10, 1852.

D. E. Bostwick, M. D.

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
Office over Sam'l P. Bolles store, in room for
merely occupied by Dr. J. S. Wolcott.
June, 5th, 1851.

Charles Vaill, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,
Office over the Post Office—Residence at the
"Bisell Place" in East street, Litchfield.

David F. Hollister.

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SALISBURY, CONN.

HENRY B. GRAVES.

Attorney and Counselor at Law
LITCHFIELD, CONN.
Office over Dr. Buel's Store, recently
occupied by the late Gen. Bacon

NEW BLAKE

Dentist

First building south of the Mansion House

C. M. HOOKER,

Dentist

OFFICE at his residence, 3d Dwelling north
of the Bank.

NEW GOODS

AT THE
LADIES' STORE.

JUST received, a new supply of fashionable
Ladies' Dress Goods, Trimmings &c.,
comprising Plain and Figured French and
English Muslin, and Barrage De Laines. Also
French and American Super Mourning
and Fancy Calico Prints, Black and Colored
Dress Silks, Poplins and Alpaca, Mourning
and Colored Square and Long Shawls, Mourning
and White Wrought S. V. Collars, Co-
larettes and Cuffs, Swiss, Book, Jacket and
Lace Edgings and Insertings, Velvet and Silk
Ribbons, Ribbon Gowns, Fringes, &c. Alex-
ander's and other Super Kid, Silk and Thread
Gloves, Patent Rubber, and Morocco Shoe
Paper Hangings, a large stock of Muslin and
Woolen Shirts and Linen Collars, Bleached
and Brown Cotton Shertings, Shirts, and
Ties, Ticks, &c.
Also Groceries, Teas, Sugars, Molasses,
Candies—Also 10,000 Haydens' Bricks and
Pine Boards, for sale Cheap.
S. N. BRONSON Agent.

LINSEED OIL.

A PURE Article, manufactured and for
sale at the Bantam Falls Oil Mill.
All orders promptly attended to.
Cash paid for Flax Seed.
WM. P. KILBOURN,
Bantam Falls, Sept 1, 1852.

\$20 REWARD.

Will be paid to any person who will buy
a box of Dr. Terrell's Healing Ointment
and use it according to directions, if
they will call at my office and see with a clear
conscience that it does not completely cure
Chapped Hands, Chills, Sore Lips, Burns
and Freezes, Sores on Children, and greatly
afflicted, if not entirely cure Salt Rheum, and
most diseases of the skin. See advertisement
MONROE TERRELL
A. C. SMITH, Agent.

POETRY.

NIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest:
How sweet when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
In wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep—
To wet with unshed tears,
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years—
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch—
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care—
Brooding o'er hours mispent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent—
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Caesar's ghost.

Night is the time to think—
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray—
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do,
Stent from his throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death—
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends; such death be mine!

MISCELLANY.

A Mother's Influence.

'And so you say you sail to-morrow,
Will? I shall miss you.'

'Yes, I'm bound to see the world.—
I've been beating my wings in desperation
against the wires of my cage these
three years. I know every stick and
stone and stump in this odious village
by heart, as well as I do those stereo-
typed sermons of Parson Grey's. They
say he calls me a scapegrace—pity I
should have the name without the
game,' said he bitterly. 'I haven't room
here to run the length of my chain.—
I'll show him what I can do in a wider
field of action.'

'But how do you bring your father
over?'

'Oh, he's very glad to get rid of me;
quite disgusted because I've no fancy
for seeing corn and oats grow. The
truth is, every father knows at once too
much and too little about his own son;
the old gentleman never understood me;
he soured my temper, which is original-
ly none of the best, roused all the worst
feelings of my nature, and is constantly
driving me from instead of to the point
he would have me reach.'

'And your mother?'

'Well, there you have me; that's the
only humanized portion of my heart—
the only soft spot in it. She came to
my bedside last night, after she thought
I was asleep, gently kissed my forehead,
and then knelt by my bedside. Harry,
I've been wandering round the fields all
the morning, to try to get rid of that
prayer. Old Parson Gray might preach
at me till the millennium, and it wouldn't
move me any more than that stone. It
makes all the difference in the world
when you know a person feels what they
are praying about. I'm wild and reck-
less and wicked, I suppose; but I shall
never be an infidel while I can remember
my mother. You should see the way
she bears my father's impetuous tem-
per; that's grace, not nature, Harry;
but don't let us talk about it—I only
wish my parting with her was well over.
Good-bye; God bless you, Harry; you
will hear from me; and Will left his
friend and entered the cottage.'

His mother was moving nervously and
restlessly about, tying up all sorts of
mysterious little parcels, that only moth-
ers think of, 'in case he should be sick,'
or in case he should be this, that or the
other, interrupted occasionally by ex-
clamations like this from the old farmer:
'Fudge—stuff—great overgrown baby,
making a fool of him—never be out of
leading strings; then, turning short
about and facing Will as he entered, he
said:

'Well, sir, look in your sea-chest,
and you'll find gingerbread, and physic,
darning needles and tracts, "bitters,"
and Bibles, peppermint, and old linen rags,
and opedipocce. Fehaw! I was more of

a man than you are when I was nine
years old. Your mother always made
a fool of you, and that was entirely un-
necessary, too, for you was always short
of what is called common sense. You
needn't tell the captain you went to sea
because you didn't know enough to be a
landman, or that you never did any-
thing in your life, except by accident.
You are as like that *neer do well* Jack
Halpin, as two peas. If there is any-
thing in you, I hope the salt water will
fetch it out. Come, your mother has
your supper ready, I see.'

Mrs. Low's hand trembled as she pas-
sed her boy's cup. It was his last meal,
under that roof for many a long day.
She did not trust herself to speak—her
heart was too full. She had heard all
his father injudiciously said to him, and
she knew too well from former experi-
ence the effect it would have upon his
impetuous, fiery spirit. She had only
to oppose to it a mother's prayers and
tears, and all enduring love. She never
condemned in Will's hearing, any of his
father's philippics; always excusing him
with the general remark that he didn't
understand him. Alone, she mourned
over it; and when with her husband,
tried to place matters on a better footing
for both parties.

Will noted his mother's swollen eye-
lids; he saw his favorite little tea-cakes
that she had busied herself in preparing
for him, and he ate and drank what she
gave him, without tasting a morsel he
swallowed, listening for the hundredth
time to his father's account of 'what he
did when a young man.'

'Just half an hour, Will,' said his fa-
ther, 'before you start; run up and see
if you have forgotten any of your duties.'

It was the little room he had always
called his own. How many nights he
had lain there listening to the rain pat-
tering on the low roof; how many
mornings awakened by the chirp of the
robin in the apple-tree under the win-
dow. There was the little bed with its
snowy covering and the thousand and
one little comforts prepared by his
mother's hand. He turned his head—
she was at his side, her arms about his
neck. 'God keep my boy!' was all she
could utter. He knelt at her feet as in
the days of childhood, and from those
wayward lips came his tearful prayer,

'Oh God, Spare my mother, that I may
look upon her face again in this world!'
Oh, in after days, when that voice
had died out from under the parental
roof, how sacred was that spot to her
who gave him birth! There was hope
for the boy! he had recognized his moth-
er's God. By that invisible silken cord
she still held the wanderer, though
broad seas rolled between.

Letters came to Moss Glen—at stated
intervals, then more irregularly, pictur-
ing only the bright spots in his sailor
life (for Will was proud, and they were
to be scanned by his father's eye.) The
usual temptations of a sailor's life when
in port were not unknown to him—of
every cup the syren, Pleasure, held to
his lips, he drank to the dregs; but
there were moments in his maddest re-
vels, when that angel whisper, 'God
keep my boy,' palsied his daring hand,
and arrested the half-uttered oath.—
Disgusted with himself he would turn
aside for an instant, but only to drown
again more recklessly 'that still small
tormenting voice.'

'You're a stranger in these parts,'
said a rough farmer to a sun-burnt trav-
eler. 'Look as though you'd been in
foreign parts.'

'Do I?' said Will, slouching his hat
over his eyes. 'Who lives in that little
cottage under the hill?'

'Old Farmer Low—and a tough cus-
tomer he is, too; it's a word and a blow
with him. The old lady has had a hard
time of it, good as she is, to put up
with all his kicks and quirks. She bore
it very well till the lad went away; and
then she began to droop like a willow
in a storm, and lose all heart, like—
Doctor's stuff didn't do any good, as
long as she got no news of the boy.—
She's to be buried this afternoon, sir.'

Poor Will stayed to hear no more, but
tottered in the direction of the cottage.
He asked no leave to enter, but passed
over the threshold into the little 'best
parlor,' and found himself alone with
the dead. It was too true! dumb were
the lips that should have welcomed him;
and the arms that should have enfolded
him were crossed peacefully over the
heart that beat true to him till the last.

Conscience did its office. Long years
of mad folly passed in swift review be-
fore him; and over that insensible form
a vow was made, and recorded in heav-
en.

'Your mother should have lived to
see this day, Will,' said a grey haired
old man, as he leaned on the arm of the
clergyman, and passed into the village
church.

'Bless God, my dear father, there is
joy in heaven over one sinner that re-
penteth,' and of all the angel band,
there is one seraph hand that sweeps
more rapturously its harp to-day for
the lost that is found!'

FANNY FERN.

The London Punch is acquainted with
a business man who is so scrupulously
exact in all his doings, that whenever
he pays a visit, he always insists upon
taking a receipt.

TOUR OVER THE CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VI.

That a river so large as the Humboldt
should be wholly absorbed in the earth and
even to flow before reaching the ocean or
some other large body of water, is one of
the most remarkable phenomena in the
physical world. For a day or two's jour-
ney above the sink, the ground is so soft
that it is difficult to get water from the
river without sinking in the mud. Some
fifty miles above the sink, some of our
men had swam the river to get some wild
rice that grew in abundance on the south
side of the river. In attempting to follow
them, I plunged in and swam some half
dozen rods; but being carried down by a
strong current I succeeded in reaching
some small willows on the south side of
the river, which was not strong enough to
support me. Being completely exhausted,
I let down my feet for the bottom, but
found none, and but for the 'precious life,'
I should have been swept down into the
dark ocean of eternity, as some others
were, of whom I have heard. At this
place I suppose the river was deep enough
to float a first-rate steamer—perhaps the
largest that swims the ocean.

Two miles above the sink is a marshy
place. Holes were dug in the ground,
where sulphur water was obtained, which
relished tolerably well after drinking the
water of the Humboldt for eleven days.—
At this place several trains had stopped
and were making preparation, as best they
could, for a forced march of fifty miles
across a desert, destitute of grass or fresh
water. Among these, some were in a
state of starvation. Never shall I forget
the pathos with which one poor fellow ex-
claimed, 'I have one hundred and sixty
acres of the best land in Wisconsin, and
here I am starving to death; and he was
not alone in his distress.

JUNE 30TH.—At 1 o'clock, P. M., with
tardy steps and melancholy hearts, we
left the sulphur springs and commenced
our march across the desert. Half dead
with fatigue and hunger (for we had been
on short allowance for a week or two),
the voice of the angel to Lot seemed
sounding in my ears, 'Escape for your
lives and look not behind you.' As night
drew on its sable but welcome shade we
quicken our pace, occasionally inter-
mingling with other trains, all pressing on
with eager haste, like pilgrims to the
shrine of their saint.

Thus, we continued our course due
south until about midnight, when one of
our men, from ill health and fatigue, was
unable to proceed further. We halted:
I unpacked my mule, and the next thing
I knew, some one said, 'they're going.'—
I had been asleep on the ground, and if no
one had disturbed me I should have slept
sweetly till morning. By this time all
our water was exhausted, and we had to
travel the remainder of the night, suffer-
ing severely from thirst. We saw some
holes dug by the way side, but the water
in them was salt. Our trail led some-
times across those vast floors, which
I have before described, when the travel-
ing was the best imaginable—again, over a
section of country, somewhat broken, and
a few shrubby bushes—along the base of
mountains—and the last part of the trail
was very sandy and hard traveling. Just
as the sun arose I espied the waters of the
Karson River. No sight could have been
more welcome. Here we lay in camp
one day, and drank, bathed, and slept on
the banks of the river, recruiting our-
selves somewhat from the fatigue of the
preceding night. Most trains occupy a
whole night and most of a day, in crossing
this desert, as it is better for both man
and beast, than to encounter the extreme
heat of a whole day. As the sun arose,
the naked, desert mountain and plains
which we had just passed, seemed to glow
like a red hot oven, or fallow ground,
when fires had just done smoking. The
waters of this river come down from the
snows of the Sierra Nevada (great snow
mountains) and eastern line of California,
pass off to the east towards the Salt Lake,
and are probably lost in the deserts of that
most desolate region.

At the point where we first struck the
river were some Indians, naked, except a
filthy rag about their waists. What they
subsist upon I could not imagine, unless
it were musquitos, which I watched with
great interest as they were trying their
little proboscis on the sunburnt hides of
the natives, which experiment they seem-
ed too willing to relinquish that they might
try a dig on the more delicate counten-
ances of their strange visitors. There seem-
ed to be very few fish in the river or game
on the land.

For three days we traveled slowly up
the river, nearly worn out by the fatigue
of a three months' journey from Missou-
ri. Three of our men, mounted on our best
animals, were despatched ahead to obtain
provision, if possible, and return to our
relief. On the morning of the 7th of July

they returned to us with the welcome
news that there was a station a short dis-
tance ahead where provisions could be
obtained. At this station we purchased 10
lbs. of flour for \$15, and some other arti-
cles on about as reasonable terms. This
was close under the side of the lower
range of the great Sierra Nevada, which
was covered with pine timber of enormous
size. On the east of this range is a nat-
ural meadow, on which grass grows in
great abundance. Teis valley is perhaps
15 miles wide and 40 miles long, and might
be cultivated to advantage, and gold is dug
out of the ground along the base of the
mountains.

Our ascent up the mountain was thro'
a gorge, down through which rushed a
river of pure snow water, which we had
to cross on bridges made of small poles, in
order to avoid the impassable sides of the
river. Here, on the banks of this roaring
cataract, in the dense forest, with walls of
rock shooting up perpendicular close
around us to the height of 500 feet, we kin-
dled a fire against an old log, and passed
the night in as gloomy a solitude as can
well be imagined. After traversing our
toilsome way up this gorge for several
miles, we found some fellows who had
stationed themselves by a pole bridge to
sell grog and take toll. I enquired how
far it was to the top of the mountain, and
was told that we had not yet come to the
mountain. After a toilsome ascent of six
miles we reached the top of the pedestal,
on which stands the grand Sierra Nevada,

"whose aspiring top,
With snows on snows, ascend the skies,
And, as the everlasting props
Of Heaven's high mansion, proudly rise."

Here, on this lower summit, were large
quantities of snow, which were yielding
somewhat to the warmer breezes, which,
at midday, ascended up from the regions
below. After passing a marshy place,
over snow, ice and mud, we descended a lit-
tle into a valley, when, after wading thro'
a river of snow water, three feet deep, we
came to a good camping place, where
some starving emigrants had just killed an
ox which they had captured from a drove,
then in the vicinity, taken what they
wanted, and gone ahead, having previously
posted bills of invitation to any that might
want beef to help themselves, which we
were not slow to do.

CONVERSATION.—If you would wish
to learn all about a man's birth, life, oc-
cupation, habits, and associations, you
have only to talk with him. If he is
a sportsman, the second sentence—
if not the first—will be race horses,
dogs, guns, grouse and snipe shooting;
and ten to one he will give you an ac-
count of his success in bagging game
and coming in foremost on the race
course. If you happen to get into the
company of a clergyman, you are sure
to have a little theology wedged into the
conversation, and every one of his asser-
tions, whether truth or its opposite, will
be clinched with a rivet from Scripture.

A lawyer's ideas are all 'situate lying
and being' between the covers of Black-
stone's Commentaries and law reports;
and rarely soar beyond the foggy and
mystified regions of mortgages and red
tape. A school teacher—that is, a regu-
lar knight of the birch—rarely has an
idea outside of the comic sections, al-
gebra and arithmetic, and looks upon his
ferule as the great Archimedes lever
that is to elevate the world to the
highest pinnacle of its destiny; while
his empire is disputed by nobody but
the dry nurse who has the advantage of
forming the young idea after all. To
the little urchins, however, among whom
he stands—like Gulliver among the Lil-
liputians—he is a very important person-
age, if to nobody else. The doctor, like
the rest, has but one string to his violin,
and on that he is always harping, the
same old tune of emetics, powders, pills
and blouses, and the best remedies for
measles and marasmus.

You can find out a young lady's char-
acter by the same means. If she talks
of the last sleigh ride, the latest kind of
ribbon imported, boasts of the number
of balls she has attended during the sea-
son and discourses of the last novel issued,
she may be a pretty ornament to a par-
lor but never will be useful for any pur-
poses of practical utility. The cause of
the insipidity of modern conversation is
that most people have but one class of
ideas on which they can prattle for an
age; but if you introduce another sub-
ject they flounder like a fish on dry land.
Of all bores and penalties of boredom,
deliver us from the man of one idea and
his monotonous and everlasting reitera-
tion of it. The man of general infor-
mation is never tiresome; but he who
fancies that because he is himself inter-
ested in some little narrow mental tread-
mill, everybody else must be interest-
ed in it also, and bores them accordingly,
ought to be hung up in a cage with a
parrot where they could not chatter
away without torturing others of a wider
range of ideas than themselves.

The greatest punishment of an injury
is the conviction of having done it, and
no man suffers more than he that is
turned over to the pain of repentance.

Display and Luxury.

We have very little sympathy with
that cynical philosophy which marks at
every expenditure for the beautiful and
every display of taste. We rank the Fine
Arts among the useful arts, and we look
upon a refined taste as auxiliary to a pure
morality, and are therefore quite willing
to devote a portion of our means, and to
see Societies and States use a share of
their income to objects which we can
neither eat, nor drink, nor wear, but
which more gratify the love of beauty
and grace. But it by no means follows,
that the extravagance and love of show
which characterize our day, are anything
better than vulgar ostentation, of which, as
a contemporary remarks there may be a
great deal, and the amount of money
paid for it may excite amazement, but it
is no sign of growth in refinement. The
furniture and decorations of some 'man-
sions' merely tell the visitor how much
the owner is worth,—and that might more
easily be done by a placard of adver-
tisement. The number of square feet of
gold leaf or square yards of crimson dam-
ask and velvet—the size of the mirrors,
and the quantity of plate are no sure in-
dications of superior sense or intellectual
advancement; for they may be, after all,
only a chaos of splendid rubbish, the glar-
ing parade of a coarse-minded ambition,
and a pride of purse.

If you would rise in the world, you
must not stoop to kick at every car who
barks at you as you pass along.

Kick 'em! On the contrary said Tom Lex-
icon, I feel much obliged to 'em. It's a
purgatorial initiatory to Paradise. *Nothing
great ever succeeded, that wasn't first
heard at by some of 'em!* It's an un-
failing sign of the rise of Lexicon stock.
That must be an unmitigated piece of bo-
man stupidity, that could go through life
without scaring up at least one enemy.
'Bless your enemies,' and always be sure
you are one idea in advance of your
neighbors, when you get your mental cars
boxed. It's a sin they won't overlook in a
hurry—keep quiet, and use 'em to blow
fame's trumpet for you. Make up your
mind to one of two things, either to 'hide
your light under a bushel,' or have all crea-
tion after you, trying to blow it out!
Between you and I, it's a delightful little ex-
citement to watch their abortive attempts
to do the same. Lead 'em a long dance—
hold it close to their faces, to show their
Liliputian stature; then high above their
pigmy heads, while they reach and grasp
and stumble, like the idiot after the moon.
'Bless your enemies!' nothing so deserv-
ing to fame as stagnation.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—Col George Mas-
on of Virginia, made the following re-
marks in his will, which ought to be con-
sidered a legacy to the nation:—I recom-
end to my sons, from my own experience
in life, to prefer the happiness of indepen-
dence and a private station to the trouble
and vexation of public business, but if either
their own inclinations or the necessity of
the times, should engage them in public
affairs, I charge them on a fathers blessing
never to let the motives of private interest
or ambition induce them to betray, nor the
terrors of poverty and disgrace, or of
death, deter them from asserting the lib-
erty of their country, and endeavor to trans-
mit to their posterity, those sacred rights
to which themselves were born.

A New York paper states that 'there is
a Hotel building in Broadway, the prop-
rietors of which intend, in addition to the
'Bridal Chamber,' to have a 'Death Room'
fitted up in magnificent style, with metal-
lic coffins, shrouds, pills and plates, for
the accommodation of travelers who wish
to die decently and have their executors
pay for it.'

The 'Union Company' of Norwalk, Ct.,
finding that their factory can be lighted
with gas cheaper than with oil or burning
fluid, have contracted for the erection of
gas works for their own use, and they of-
fer the residents in that village the use of
their apparatus, pipes, &c., to extend the
gas throughout the place.

By an arrival at Providence, we have
an account of a fight in South Africa, be-
tween a British force of a thousand men
and six thousand natives. The latter
were routed, and 6000 head of cattle took
from them, upon which they sued for
peace.

The hog distemper is raging terribly in
Kentucky, and through some portions of
the other Western States, similar in its
features and fatality to the hog epidemic
which swept over the same region about
eighteen years since. The first visit a
symptom of its approach is drowsiness,
and in most cases death ensues in an
hour. Occasionally, there is bleeding at
the nose. Over 800 hogs have died at
Carrollton, Ky., the last month.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has beenrepubli-
cated in Hayti for the benefit of the negro
citizens of that empire.

Some idea of the commercial marine of
England may be formed from the fact that
one English vessel is lost, on an average,
with every tide.

A candidate for Alderman at the late
Rochester city election, got so drunk dur-
ing the canvass as to become insane, and
cut his own throat with a razor.

The longest straight railroad in the
world, is said to be the Illinois Central,
which is 700 miles in length, and has 638
miles in a straight line.

Hon. Henry Bardard is lecturing on
education in the western part of the State.

The Rhode Island White State Con-
vention, at Providence, on Thursday, made
a gubernatorial nomination, but appointed
a committee of seven to make and publish
the same at their discretion.

Less than fifty years ago, at one of the
meetings of a philosophical society in Lon-
don, it was made the subject of grave and
serious debate, whether the demand upon
gas-lighting made the largest demand upon
the credulity of the human mind?